

RAYS OF SUNSHINE



SACRED SONGS

EDITED AND PUBLISHED

BY

ADAM GEIBEL

AND

PEMBERTON PIERCE,

PENNSGROVE, N. J.

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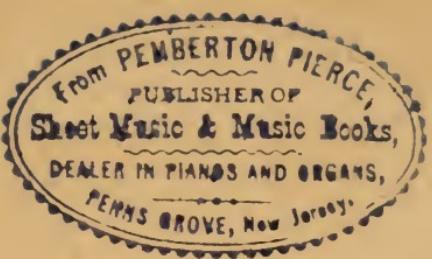


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RAYS OF SUNSHINE.

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Rays of Sunshine.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Rays of sunshine soft-ly beaming Thro' the passing hours of day, Filling
2. Rays of sunshine brightly beaming Thro' the realms of God a-bove, While the

all the earth with beauty, Till the daylight fades away; Rays of sunshine softly
hosts of shining spirits Chant the glories of his love; Soon in yonder blessed

beam-ing In our hearts from heav'n above, Filling us with sacred feeling Of a
regions We shall all our praises sing: Hal-lelujah! countless legions Shall make

Saviour's dying love: Filling us with sacred feeling Of a Saviour's dying love.
heav'n's high arches ring: Shall make heav'n's high arches ring.

Hal-le - lu - jah! countless legions

Beautiful Day.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Beau - ti - ful day, love - ly thy light; Ho - ly each ray, ban - ishing night;
 2. Beau - ti - ful day, calm was thy dawn; Joyous the lay, blessed the morn,
 3. Beau - ti - ful day, perfect - ly bright; Je-sus al-way, boundless delight,
 4. Beau - ti - ful day, ha - ven of rest; Ev'ry one may come and be bless'd;

Cloudless thy sky; peaceful my stay Here in the sunlight of beautiful day.
 When in my heart, over my way, First shone the noontide of beautiful day.
 Bliss all around, heaven by the way, Shining in fulness, oh, beautiful day.
 Glory to God! naught can dismay; Christ is the light of this beautiful day.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful day,

Evermore shine on my way;

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful day,

Ev - emore shine on my way;

Saviour, I pray, keep me al-way Safe in this beauti - ful day.

beauti - ful day.

1

1. { My path is dark, Lord, ver-y dark, No ray of light il-lumes my way;
 A sweet voice whispers, Sad one, hark,

CHORUS.

Oh, hear the blest Redeemer say: I am the light,
 I am the light, yes, I am the light,

I am the light, Oh, walk in the light, oh, walk in the light, oh,
 I am the light, yes, I am the light,

thy walk in the light, Then visions of bliss will break on thy sight, Break, break, break on
 Break, will break, will

sight; And the path I shall lead will ev-er be bright, Ever, yes, ever be bright!

2 I'm burden'd, Lord, and sore oppress'd,
 I faint beneath the heavy load;
 But Jesus says, In Me find rest;
 For all along the weary road,
 I am the light, etc.

3 I'm vile, Lord, very, very vile,
 And sin assails with mighty power;
 A whisper comes, a heavenly smile,
 I'll cleanse thy heart this very hour.

4 I come, dear Lord, with ev'ry cloud,—
 My burdens all to thee I bring,
 And cast my sins, with praises loud,
 On him whose wondrous grace I sing.
Cho.-Thou art the light! thou art the light!
 Forever, dear Jesus, I'll walk in this light:
 Lo, visions of bliss now break on my sight,
 It is glory, all glory, my pathway is bright,
 Ever, yes, ever is bright!

4 Hark, I hear the Angels calling.

Miss MALONEY.

ADAM GRIBEL.

1. Just beyond the roll-ing riv - er, I've a home all fair and bright; Angels,
 2. Though the pathway lies thro' sorrow, Dangers all a-long the way; Oh, there
 3. Of-ten sad a-long the journey, Thorns oppress my weary feet; Yet my

guide me safely over, Where they're cloth'd in robes of light. There bright sunbeams [gild the
 is a bright to-morrow, Perfect bliss and endless day. For we'll meet with many
 watchword shall be onward, For my resting-place is sweet. Soon I'll drop this robe of

pathway, Beams of pure eternal love, And sweet flowers bloom immortal, In the
 lov'd ones Who have cross'd the path before, Sing with them the songs immortal, On that
 sadness, Sing no more earth's pilgrim song, Strike a higher note of gladness, Gather'd

CHORUS.

pilgrim's home above. Hark! I hear the angels calling; Yes, they're calling me a-
 glad and happy shore.
 with a ho-ly throng.

way, Far away beyond the riv - er, Where my kindred spirits stay.

Nature's Lullaby.

JENNIE GARNETT.

ADAM GRIBEL.

5

1. Evening shades around us gath - er, Fades the light in yon - der sky,
2. See the li - ly on her bo - som Gent - ly close its languid eye,
3. Father, hear thy wea - ry chil - dren, To thy bo - som may we fly,
4. Un - derneath thy wings protect us, Guard, oh, guard us from the sky;

Soft and low the voice of na - ture Sings a - gain her lul - la - by.
Now the birds their wings are fold-ing While she sings her lul - la - by.

Ah, thy ten - der love can soothe us With a sweet - er lul - la - by.
Thou hast taught the voice of na - ture How to sing her lul - la - by.

CHORUS.

Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Soft and

Lul - la - by,

lul - la - by,

Lul - la - by,

low the voice of na - ture Sings a - gain her lul - la - by, Soft and

low the voice of na - ture Sings a - gain her lul - la - by.

Say, do we know.

JENNIE GARNETT.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Say, do we know what a Friend is nigh? One that will hear when to him we cry?
 2. Say, have you heard of a glorious day? Pure was the dawn of its early ray,
 3. Look unto him in the young morn's light, Look unto him in the spring-time bright,

Cho.—Say, do we know what a Friend is nigh? One that will hear when to him we cry?

Fine.

He our Redeemer is pass-ing by, Now to his arms let us go;
 When in a man-ger a babe he lay,—He our Redeem-er and King?
 Now in his praise let us all u-nite, Sing with the heart and the voice;

He our Redeemer is pass-ing by, Now to his arms let us go.

Key Eb.

Oh, what a Friend he will ever be!—None in the world is so kind as he;
 Once from the cross to the crown he rose, Conquer'd the world and subdued his foes,
 Oh, let the wings of the Sabbath air Now to his throne our devo-tion bear,

D.C.

Hark, he is call-ing to you and me, Yes, he is ten-der-ly call-ing.
 Now with the joy that his love bestows Hark how the wide world is ringing.
 Glo-ry to him for the love we share; Sing, while the wide world rejoices.

Key Ab.

The Pilgrim's Song.

7

Rev W H BURRELL

JNO. R. SWEENEY. By per.

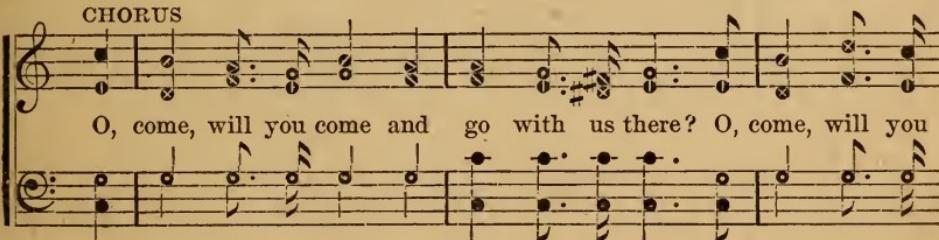


1 We are pilgrims and strangers below, Surround-ed with sorrow and care,
2. To Canaan's fair climes we are bound; So beau-tiful, healthful and pure,
3 How sweet it will be to be there, With Jesus and friends, ever-more;

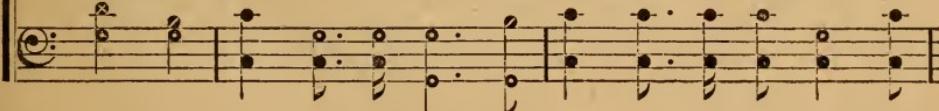


To the land of sweet promise we go, Our treasures and hearts are now there.
Where pleasures un-dy-ing abound, And friendships forev-er endure
A-way from all sor-row and care, In our home on the ev-ergreen shore.

CHORUS



come, our plea-sures to share? Your friends are now wait-ing; oh,



why will you roam? O, come and go with us, and greet them at home.

Is it True?

MARY A. MCKEE.

"All these things are against me."—Gen. lxii. 36

PEMBERTON PIERCE.

1. Would you doubt his matchless grace, Though you may not see the light?
 2. Though the rocks may line the shore, Though the sea is lashed to foam,
 3. All the tangled threads of life, That at times seem worn and bare,
 4. All the ills that may op-press, And we know they are not few,

Would you tempt him to his face, He who guides your steps a - right?
Doubt his loving strength no more, He will guide you safe - ly home.
With e - ter - nal beau - ty rife, May be - come a gar - ment fair.
With the wrongs he will re - dress, Shall re - turn in love to you.

CHORUS.

Is it true? . . . is it true? . . . Af - ter

Is it true?

is it true?

all he's done for you; || all he's done for you.

Jesus Walks the Waves to Thee.

9

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

6
4

1. Suff'rer, tossed in ment - al anguish, Buf - fet - ed on life's dark sea,
2. Thro' the darkness, thick with ter - ror, Let not fear dis - tress thee sore,
3. Seems it strange that stormy bil-lows At his presence should subside?

C: 6
4

Oh, do not de-spair-ing languish, Je - sus walks the waves to thee;
What though e - vil spir - its crowd thee, Christ is near - er ev - er-more;
Stranger still that at his bid - ding Loaves and fish-es mul - ti - plied?

C: b

Toil in row - ing thro' the midnight, Ply thy stroke with firm - er hand,
Still a - fraid and won - der strick-en, Do thine eyes to fear in - cline?
Nay, for shame, poor trembling weakness, He is near - er than thy fears;

C: b

Fine.

C: b

Not the bil-lows' dread commo - tion Can his word of peace withstand.
Nay, what im - age wouldest thou lik - en To that hu - man form di - vine?
Stronger than thy doubts his meekness, On - ly thy dis - tress he hears.

C: b

D. S.—Haste to his almighty shelt - er, Je - sus walks the waves to thee.

CHORUS.

D. S.

C: b

Je - sus walks the waves, my brother, Ev - er o'er life's storm - y sea;

C: b

The Beautiful Gate.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

CHAS. D. BLAKE.

Tempo di marcia.

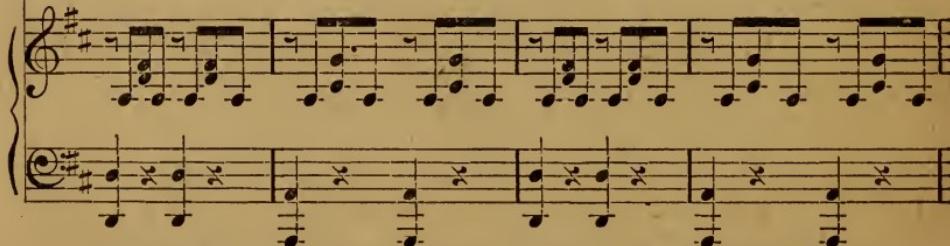
1. All our lov'd ones are passing a-way, Like the sweetest and fairest of
 2. Oh, we cherish, in mem'ry's bright store, Hap-py- visions no time can ef-
 3. In that land that is fair- est and best, Where no sorrow can ev - er be-



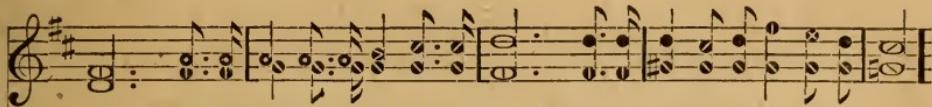
flow'rs, On- ly blossoming just for a day, On this sorrowful earthland of
 face, Of the lost ones in glad days of yore, They who cheer'd us with beauty and
 tide, We shall linger at last in sweet rest, With the lost ones again by our

DUET. *ad lib.*

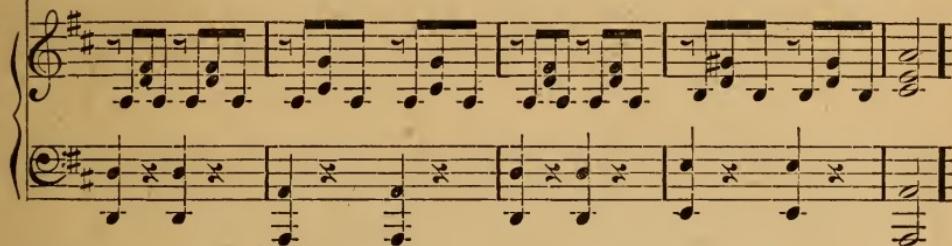
ours. They are going from you and from me, For no longer with us can they
 grace. One by one they have faded away, For no longer on earth could they
 side. We are wandering home one by one, To that promised land, weary and



From "The Crowning Triumph," by per. of Messrs. F. A. NORTH & Co., Phila.



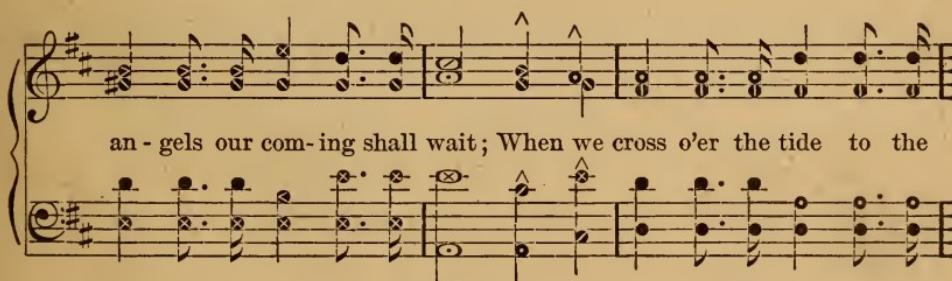
wait; But we know in the glad days to be, We shall meet by the beautiful gate.
wait; But we know in some bright sunny day, We will meet by the beautiful gate.
late, And we know when our journey is done, We will meet by the beautiful gate.



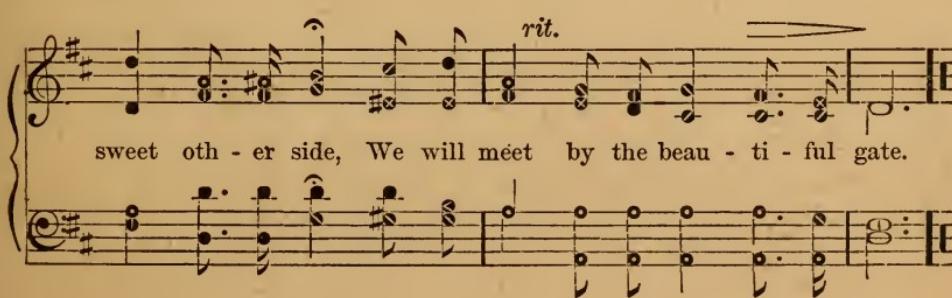
CHORUS.



We will meet by the gate, by the beau - ti - ful gate, Where the



an - gels our com - ing shall wait; When we cross o'er the tide to the



sweet oth - er side, We will meet by the beau - ti - ful gate.

The Beautiful City of God.

MARY A. MCKEE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. With mansions of fairness, And beau-ty, and rareness, And streets with a
 2. Its riv-ers of gladness Will ban-ish all sadness, And sor-row shall
 3. But light will be giv-en, All storm-clouds be riven, From o-ver that
 4. No sor-row or sighing, Nor an-guish or dy-ing, Can sha-dow the

pavement of gold; Where no one grows weary,—No pros-pect is
 van-ish a-way; The moon shall not lighten, The sun shall not
 ci-ty of God; We'll view then in wonder, Thro' all that may
 bliss of that home; And pilgrims who rest there, Forev-er are

CHORUS.

dreary,—And no one can ev-er grow old. Oh, there is a ci-ty, a
 brighten, That ci-ty by night or by day.
 sunder, The path that in sorrow we trod.
 blest there, Nor yearn in their rapture to roam.

beau-ti-ful ci-ty, Whose builder and maker is God; A far-away

ci-ty, A won-der-ful ci-ty, The beau-ti-ful ci-ty of God.

The Children's Day.

13

A. K. W.

ADAM GEIBEL.

p With tenderness.

1. This day the sound upon the street
2. The ver - y birds that skim the air,
3. And as on earth our Saviour took

Is not the march of hurried feet
The ten - der leaflets, passing fair,
A lit - tle child, with loving look,

eres.

p

That pass a - long the way, That pass, That pass a - long the way; It
Make glad this fest - ive day, Make glad, Make glad this fest - ive day; The
In - to his arms di-vine, In - to, In - to his arms di - vine; Now

is the gen - tle measured tread Of youth and love, by glad hope
joy of life in sky so blue, The friends so strong, and tried, and
help us, in our fu-ture years Let come what may of joy or

ff
led, . . . For 'tis, for 'tis the Children's Day, For 'tis the Children's Day.
true, Make bright, make bright our glorious way, Make bright our glorious way.
tears, . . . To be, to be as children thine, To be as children thine.

rit.

Victory.

Words arr. by H. L. G.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. { Lord, we come be - fore thee now For vic - to - ry that o - vercomes,
Oh, do not our suit dis - dain, For vic - to - ry that o - vercomes;

CHORUS.

At thy feet we humbly bow For vict'ry thro' the Lamb; } Victo - ry, vic - to - ry,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain For vict'ry thro' the Lamb? }

Vic - to - ry that o - vercomes: Victo - ry, vic - to - ry, Vict'ry thro' the Lamb.

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend
For victory that overcomes,
In compassion now descend,—
Give vict'ry thro' the Lamb;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
And victory that overcomes;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise
For vict'ry thro' the Lamb.

3 Send some message from thy word,
And victory that overcomes,
That may joy and peace afford,
And vict'ry thro' the Lamb;
Let thy spirit now impart
A victory that overcomes,
Full salvation to each heart,
And vict'ry thro' the Lamb.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn
For victory that overcomes,
Let the time of joy return,
And vict'ry thro' the Lamb;
Those that are cast down lift up
With victory that overcomes,
Make them strong in faith and hope,
And vict'ry thro' the Lamb.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
A victory that overcomes
Thee, a gracious God and kind,
And vict'ry thro' the Lamb;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
With victory that overcomes;
Let us all rejoice in thee
For vict'ry thro' the Lamb.

My Lord and my God.

15

"And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God."—John xx. 28.

MARY A. MCKEE.

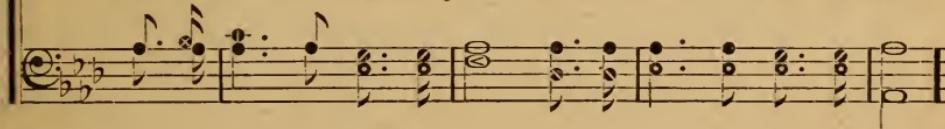
PEMBERTON PIERCE.



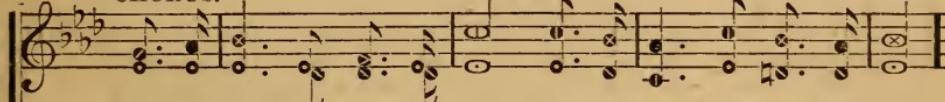
1. Tho' we have not touch'd his hands, Tho' we have not press'd his side,
2. We may reach the hand of faith, We may touch his throbbing heart,
3. Tho' we have not seen the trace Of the cru - el nails or spear,
4. We may learn to know his voice, And the path his feet have trod,



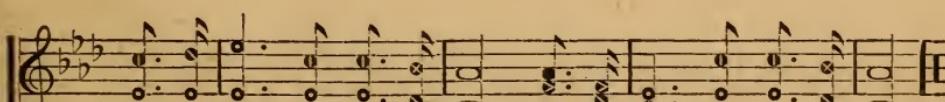
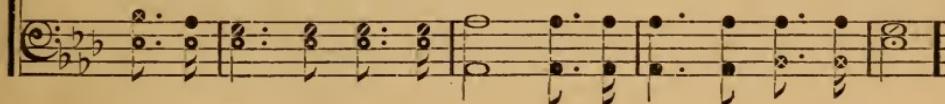
We may hear his sweet commands, And a-dore the Cru - ci - fied.
And be blessed of him who saith His rich grace he will im-part.
We will see his lov-ing face, We may feel his pres-ence near.
And with him of old re-joice In our Sav - iour and our God.



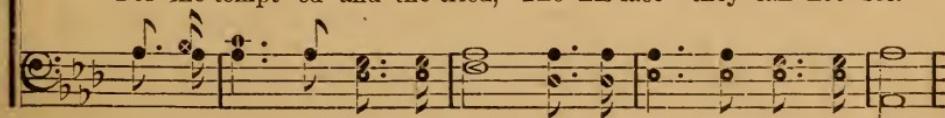
CHORUS.



He who lived, and loved, and died, Left a bless - ing wide and free



For the tempt-ed and the tried, Tho' his face they can-not see.



Rejoice Evermore.

"Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice."—Phil. iv. 4.

M. E. SERVOSS.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Rejoice! rejoice! for Jesus reigns, the Prince of peace and love, To guide the children
2. Rejoice! rejoice! the Christ has come, The Saviour of mankind, To seek the lost ones
3. Rejoice! rejoice for evermore, Nor let one soul repine; Tho' friends forget, and

of his grace To heav'n, their home above. And they who seek his loving care Thro' of his fold, And heal the halt and blind. O err-ing and re-pentant soul, Look hearts grow cold, A Father's love is thine. And if the world seems dark with frowns, Just

[ways.] dark and sunny days, Shall know how safely they may walk When God directs their up and thou shalt live; The Friend of sinners comes to save, To ransom and forgive. meet them with a smile; And, with the hope of future bliss, All present ills beguile.

D. S.—must rejoice who surely know That Jesus is their King.

CHORUS.

Rejoice! re-joice for - ev - er-more! Imman-uel's praises sing; They

From "The Crowning Triumph," by per. of Messrs. F. A. NORTH & Co., Phila.

One Look at the Crucified Jesus.

17

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. One look at the cru - ci - fied Jesus Brings peace to the sin-stricken breast,
2. There's pardon and cleansing in Je-sus For souls all polluted by sin,
3. Oh, look to the Saviour of sinners! One look at his glori-ous face
4. Oh, look, burdened souls, look at Jesus! He bids you to look now and live;



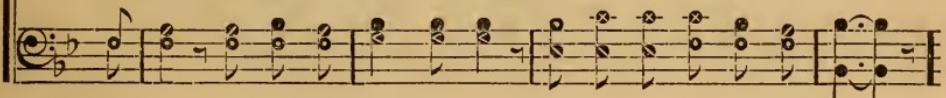
One look at the all-lov-ing Saviour Brings comfort, salvation, and rest.
A stream from his side there is flowing To cleanse the defilement within.
Will fill the sad spir-it with gladness, And make it exult in his grace.
And looking at him, your Redeemer, Sal-vation and life you'll receive.



CHORUS.



Oh, look! look at the Cru - ci - fied; Life for a look he will give:



Look, look at the Cru - ci - fied; Oh, look! be - lieve, and live.



For You and for Me.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON

*Very slow. pp**m*

1. Softly and tenderly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

*m CHORUS.**cres.*

Come home, . . . come home, . . . Ye who are weary, come home, . . .
 Come home, . . . come home,

Earnest-ly, tender-ly Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

Freedom in Christ.

19

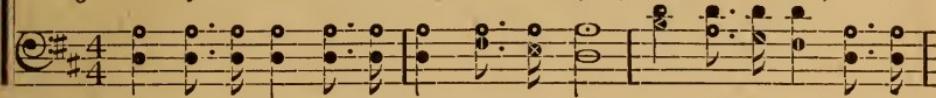
"Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken,
and we are escaped."—Psalm cxxiv. 7.

MARY A. MCKEE.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.



1. Free as a bird that escapes from the net, Leaving the snare that the
2. Free from the cloud that enveloped the law, Bathed in the light that the
3. Glo - ry to God! for our sentence is stayed, All is fulfilled, and the



fowl - er has set; Sing hal - le - lu - jah! he can - cels our debt,—
proph - ets foresaw, He our Redeem - er to him all will draw;
sac - ri - fice made; Pre - cious and price - less, un - measured, unweighed,



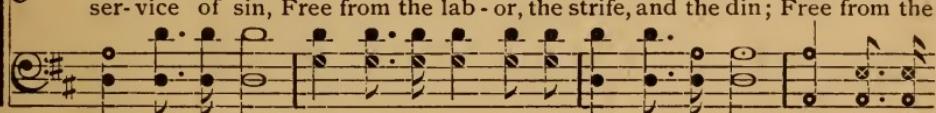
CHORUS.



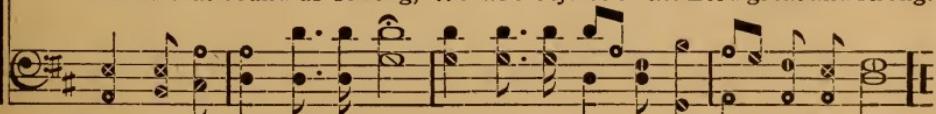
All the demands of the law have been met. Free from the bondage and
Come and be - hold him with rapture and awe.
Am - ple a - tonement! our ransom is paid!



ser - vice of sin, Free from the lab - or, the strife, and the din; Free from the



fetters that bound us so long, We will rejoice in the Lord great and strong.



In Jesus.

M. E. SERVOSS.

Tenderly.

"For in thee, O Lord, do I hope."—Ps. xxxviii. 15.

ADAM GEJBEL.

1. Hoping in Je - sus, hoping in Je - sus, He is my Sav - iour,
 2. Trusting in Je - sus, trusting in Je - sus, He is my Rock, my
 3. Resting in Je - sus, resting in Je - sus, He is my Guide, my

he is my all; Hop-ing in Je - sus, hoping in Je - sus,
 Refuge, my Rest; Trusting in Je - sus, trusting in Je - sus,
 Shepherd, my Life; Rest-ing in Je - sus, resting in Je - sus,

Will you not come when you hear his sweet call? See, he is wait - ing;
 Ye who will trust him shall ev - er be blest; Will you not seek him?
 Ye who would rest from your trouble and strife, Flee to him now, and

hark! he is call - ing, "Come un-to me, all ye wea - ry ones, come."
 will you not love him? Je-sus the Sav - iour who died for your sin.
 he will receive you, Rest in his love and your guide he will be.

Lean on his arm, and he will pro-tect thee, Guide thee thro'
 Knock at the door, it quick-ly will o - pen, And Je - sus
 Peace he will give to all who will ask it, Come to him

life to thy heaven - ly home, Lean on his arm, and he will pro-
glad - ly will welcome you in, Knock at the door, it quickly will
now, for his mercy is free, Peace he will give to all who will

rit.
tect thee, Guide thee thro' life to thy hea-ven - ly home.
o - pen, And Je - sus glad - ly will welcome you in.
ask it, Come to him now, for his mer - cy is free.

I will Trust.

MARY A. MCKEE. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."—Job xiii. 15.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Though he slay me with the hand That has form'd us from the dust, Tho' his
2. Tho' I take the wings of morn, Plum'd with light and touch'd with dew, Far be-
3. I am rest-ing on his strength, I am sinking in his will, I would

CHORUS.

face so sweet and grand May be hidden I will trust. I will trust, . . .
yond where worlds are born, I should find his mercies new.
know the breadth and length Of the love that folds me still. I will trust,

I will trust, . . . Though he slay me with his hand, I will trust.
I will trust,

Only Thine, Precious Lord.

Words by PEMBERTON PIERCE.

Music by R. J. SHOEMAKER.

p With expression.

1. I would be thine, most holy Lord, Oh, fill my heart with love divine,
2. Ah, yes, to thee I fain would live, To thee, who for my ransom died;

And teach me from thy precious word, That I may yet still brighter shine.
still brighter shine.
Teach me to pray, that I may give My life and all I have beside.
I have beside.

CHORUS.
Make me thine, yes, thine, Thine alone, precious Lord, would I be;
make me thine, ever thine,

Make me thine, on-ly thine. Dear Lord, remember me.
make me thine, only thine, remember me.

3 Thy sinless mind in me reveal,
Thy nature to my soul impart,
And all my future life shall tell
The fulness of a loving heart.

4 Then fill my soul with holy fire,
Thou sacred spirit, from above;
Make all ablaze with pure desire;
Expand my heart with heavenly love.

23 I hear Thy welcome voice.

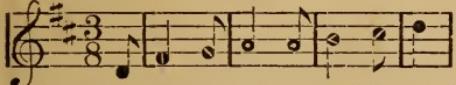
I HEAR thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

Cho.—I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

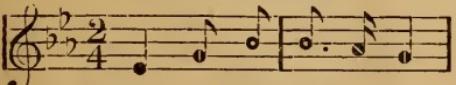
3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

24 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

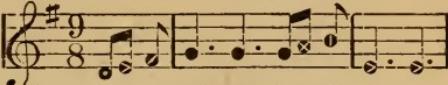
2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

25 My faith looks up to Thee.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

26 Precious Promise.

PRECIOUS promise God hath given
To the weary passer by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

Ref.—I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with Mine eye;
On the way from earth to heaven,
I will guide thee with Mine eye.

2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

27 O, for a thousand tongues. C.M.

O, FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

Our Sabbath Home.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Come, come a-way to the house of pray'r; Come like the birds in the
2. Come, come a-way where we meet to sing Praise to the Lord our Re-
3. Come, come a-way where we all may know How with the Lord we may
4. Come, come a-way where we all may rest, Lambs of the fold, on a

Fine.

spring-time rare, Come to the arms of a Saviour's care, In our Sabbath home.
 deemer King, Hearts full of joy to his feet we bring, In our Sabbath home.
 walk below, Come where his words like a fountain flow, In our Sabbath home.
 Saviour's breast, Come where alone we are truly blest, In our Sabbath home.

D. S.—Kind are the friends that await us there, In our Sabbath home.

CHORUS.

There the pur - est plea - sures, There the brightest trea - sures;

From "Our Sabbath Home," by per. of JOHN J. HOOD, Publisher, Phila., Pa.

29 I Love to Tell the Story.



I LOVE to tell the story,
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and his glory,
 Of Jesus and his love.
 I love to tell the story,
 Because I know 'tis true;
 It satisfies my longings,
 As nothing else can do.

Cho.—I love to tell the story,
 'Twill be my theme in glory,
 To tell the old, old story
 Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story;
 More wonderful it seems
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams.

I love to tell the story,
 It did so much for me;
 And that is just the reason
 I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story;
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet.
 I love to tell the story;
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation
 From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the new, new song,
 'Twill be the old, old story
 That I have loved so long.

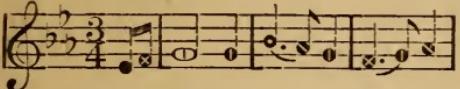
30 Stand up for Jesus.



1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

31 Just as I am.



1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! [spot,

3 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

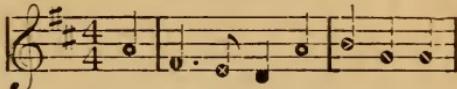
32 Work, for the night.



1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

33 He Leadeth Me.



1 HE leadeth me! oh, blessed thought,
Oh, words, with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

34 The Morning Light.



1 THE morning light is breaking
The darkness disappears;
The sons of men are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay,
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Suffer the Children.

"But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." —LUKE xviii. 16. PEMBERTON PIERCE.

1. Are an - y too young, an - y too young To be brought to the
2. Are an - y too old, an - y too old To be brought to the
3. Need an - y one fear, an - y one fear To be brought to the
4. Let ev - 'ry one come, ev - 'ry one come, And be brought to the

Saviour to - day? Are an - y so young, an - y so young That he'll
 Saviour to - day? Are an - y so old, an - y so old That he'll
 Saviour to - day? Need an - y one fear, an - y one fear That he'll
 Saviour to - day; Let ev - 'ry one come, ev - 'ry one come To the

CHORUS.

turn them in sor - row a - way? Suf - fer the chil - dren to
 send them for - ev - er a - stray?
 hear not the pen - i - tent pray?
 life - giv - ing One while they may.

come un - to me, Suf - fer the children to come un - to me, For of

such, of such will the kingdom of heav - en be.

Alone on the Mountain.

"And it came to pass in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God."—Luke vi. 12.
MARY A. MCKEE. Wm. CULBERTSON.

I. A - lone on the mountain, A - lone in the night, While darkness was
 2. That mountain is guarding, In sol - i - tude still, The words that arch -
 3. Can an - y one measure the depth of that pray'r, Which Christ the Re-

veiling His features of light; While legions of angels, Beholding the sight,
 angels Have heard with a thrill; No song-bird has caught them, Tho' sweetly they trill,
 deemer, Sent heavenward there; While folded in slumber The world seem'd so fair,

REFRAIN.

On pin - ions un - wearied, Were poised in their flight. A - lone on the
 No ech - o has borne them To grot - to or rill.
 Our Saviour was pleading With Just - ice to spare.

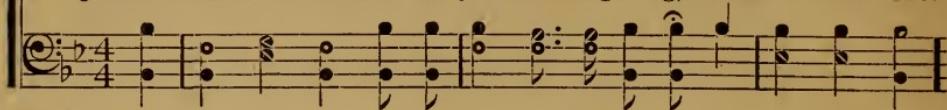
mountain, Alone in the night, While darkness was veiling His features of light.

Liberty.

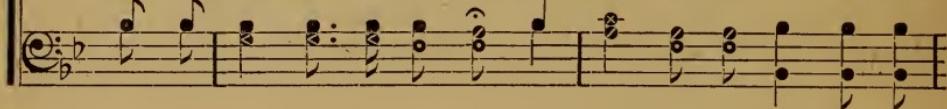
"Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."—Gal. v. 1. PEMBERTON PIERCE.
MARY A. MCKEE.



1. Stand fast! stand fast! Your redemption is hastening, Stand fast! stand fast!
2. Stand fast! stand fast! Tho' the bat-tle is raging, Stand fast! stand fast!
3. Stand fast! stand fast! For our yoke was so galling, Stand fast! stand fast!



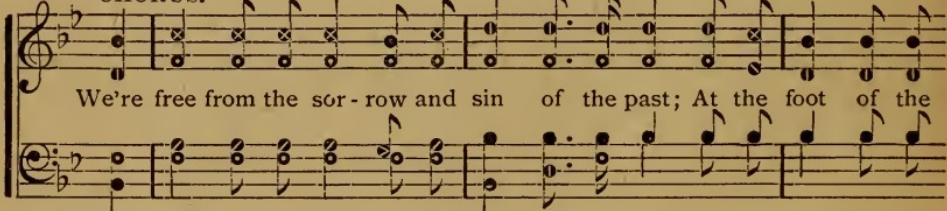
No de-stroy - er is wast-ing; O sing hal - le - lu - jah, the
In the war we are wag-ing; All glo - ry and praise to the
For our chains are all fall-ing; What way can we find but the



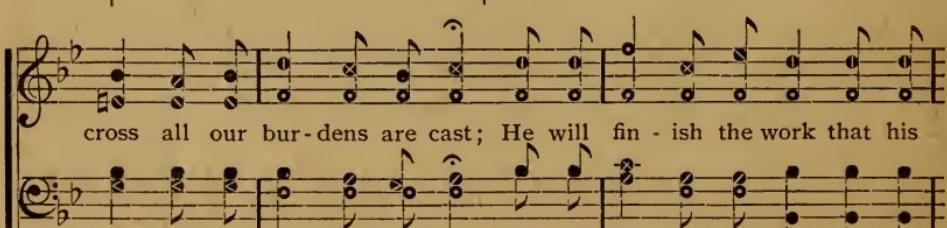
words have been spoken, The death on the cross all our fet-ters hath broken.
One who has bought us, How simple and sweet the redemption he wrought us.
way he appoint-ed? To whom can we go but to Christ the Anointed.



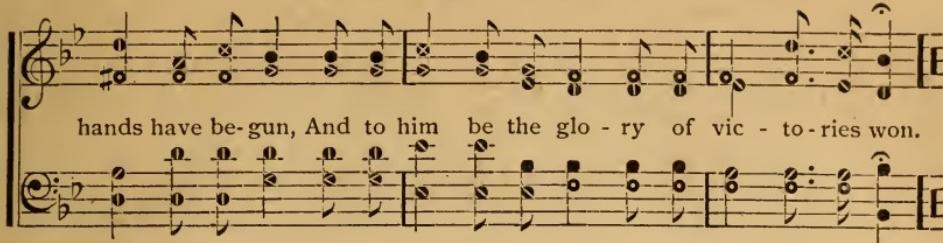
CHORUS.



We're free from the sor - row and sin of the past; At the foot of the
cross all our bur-dens are cast; He will fin - ish the work that his



Liberty.—CONCLUDED.

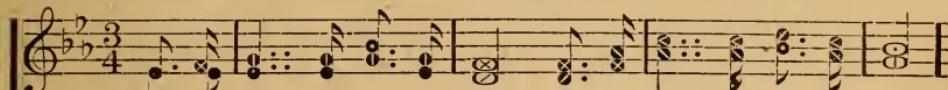


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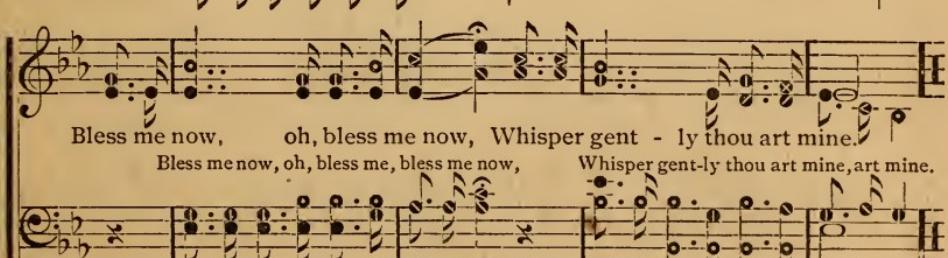
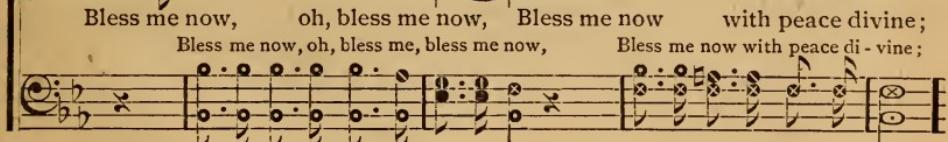
Bless Me Now.

Rev. DUNCAN M. YOUNG.

GEORGE BEAVERSON.



CHORUS.



More than Tongue can tell.

J. E. H.

"Greater love hath no man than this."—JOHN xv. 13.

J. E. HALL.

1. The love that Je - sus had for me,— To suf - fer on the cru - el tree,
 2. The man - y sorrows that he bore,—And oh, that crown of thorns he wore,
 3. The joy I feel that he is near, The hope I have so bright and clear,
 4. Oh, how I love his blessed name! In sweetest songs to sing his fame!

That I a ransomed soul might be,—
That I might live for ev - er - more,—
The peace he gives without one fear,
And ev' - rywhere his grace proclaim,—

Is more than tongue can tell.
Is more than tongue can tell.
Are more than tongue can tell.
Is more than tongue can tell.

CHORUS.

His love is more than tongue can tell, His love is more than tongue can tell,
than tongue can tell, than tongue can tell,

The love that Je-sus had for me . . . Is more than tongue can tell.

Parting Song.

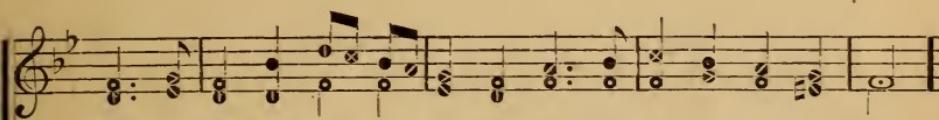
"For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. xiii. 14.

Mrs. ANNA GODSHALL.

W.M. CULBERTSON.



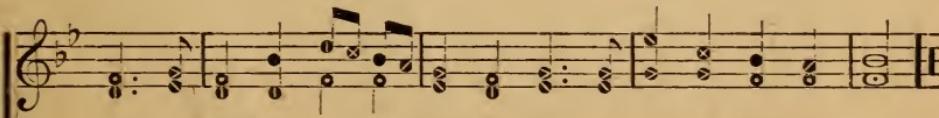
1. Gen - tle Saviour, thou hast bid us Worship thee in prayer and praise;
2. Part-ing here will be our por-tion, Till we reach the heavenly shore,



Now with joy and glad thanksgiving We our hap - py voic - es raise.
There with Christ and all our loved ones, We will rest for- ev - er - more.



Oh, dear Lord, as we are part-ing, Let our songs a-rise to thee,
For no sor-row, sin, nor sad-ness, E'er can reach thy throne a - bove,



Full of love for all thy children May our hearts for-ev - er be.
Saved by grace thro' thee, dear Saviour, All is peace and per-fect love.



He is Coming.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.



1. We are looking for the dawning Of a brighter, grander day, And the
 2. Have you sown beside the waters? Are you ready now to say, "I have
 3. Have you given to the needy More than mortal can repay? Have you



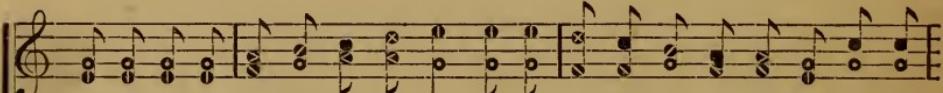
:8:



curtains of the morning-tide Will soon be swept away; Are you ready for his scattered with an open hand, My sheaves about me lay; Now my sun is slowly led them to the fountain Flashing out a healing spray? Are you looking to the



D. S.—He is coming, he is



coming? Will you hasten to obey When the Kingly One is calling And the west'ring, While its beams around me stray; Come, O Sun of Righteousness, arise! As eastward, Hoping, waiting while you may? All will soon be sweet fruition, Widely

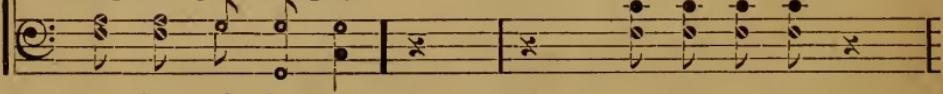


coming To his ransomed ones at last; We may hear his stately steppings 'Mid the

Fine. CHORUS.

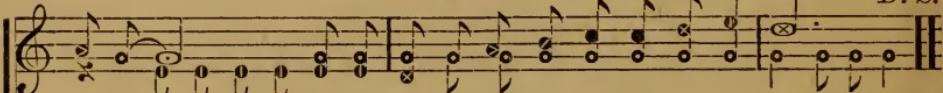


clouds have paved his way. He is com-ing, he is com-ing, he is sume thy sceptered sway. He is com-ing, he is com-ing, he is flung the por-tals grey.

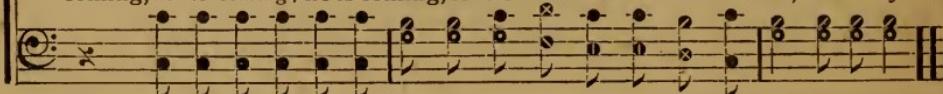


ru-ins of the past.

D. S.



coming, he is coming, he is coming, And our faith will hold him fast; hold him fast;



This is not your Rest.

MARY A. MCKEE.

Slow and with expression.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. For this is not your rest, Oh! pilgrim stranger, A narrow way at
 2. For this is not your rest, Oh! pilgrim, wea - ry, Persue your way with
 3. For this is not your rest, Oh! pilgrim broth - er, Your cross and crown is

best, and full of dan - ger; A - rise, depart, Oh! wea - ry heart, His
 zest, though lone and dreary; Then haste away, Nor pine to stay, The
 blest, then seek no oth - er; A -rise, with joy, All doubt distroy, We'll

CHORUS.

way leads to the cross and from the manger. But there is a way, a
 dawn of day is bright with hope, and cheery.
 sing his praise in meeting one an-oth - er.

Beau - ti - ful way, The redeemed of the Lord shall traverse one day; No

lion is there: No shadow of care Shall over the path of the ransomed ones stray.

MARY A. MCKEE.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.

1. I am long - ing for the heal - ing,
 2. There are man - y foes as - sail - ing
 3. While the anx - ious throng is press - ing

As the surg - ing throng I stem,
 As I try to thread my way,
 I would hast - en with the rest,

For the rapt - ure of the feel - ing, As I touch his garment's hem.
 And my prayers seem un - a - vail - ing, Ev - en Hope would seem a - stray;
 While he spreads his hands in blessing, I am yearn - ing to be blest;

That where his dear love is steal - ing No a - ven - ger can con - demn;
 While my strength is slow - ly fail - ing I am waiting for a ray,-
 Though my anguish is dis - tress - ing I will greet the Roy - al Guest,

While his cleans - ing blood is seal - ing I may shout a glad a - men.
 When the light di - vine un - veil - ing Shall up - on my pathway stray.
 And, my man - y sins con - fess - ing, I will of - fer my re - quest.

CHORUS.

Is there an - y room for me? Is there an - y room for me?

Is there any Room, etc.—CONCLUDED.

Where the blessed Saviour's waiting, Is there an - y room for me?

44

Miss C. SAUNDERS.

Come to Me.

Solo or Quartette.

Melody by S. GLOVER,
Arranged by A. G.
dim.

1. I love to hear my Saviour's voice, It bids my weary heart re-joice; I
2. I love to hear him kindly say, I am the Truth, the Life, the Way, Oh,

2. I love to hear him kindly say, I am the Truth, the Life, the Way, Oh,

love to hear him say to me, Come to the cross of Calvary! When sin and grief my
come to me, with grief bow'd down, Cast sin away, in
I'll ransom thee, give thee the crown,

I'll ransom thee, give thee the crown,

path surround, I love to hear the blissful sound, A mansion I've prepared for thee,
glo - ry rest, I ransom all by sin opprest, Take up thy cross and follow me,

O come, poor sinner, come to me, O come, poor sinner, come to me.
My blood, my blood was shed for thee, My blood, my blood was shed for thee.

E. F. STEWART.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, we a - dore thee, And all hon - or to thee give,
 2. Ho - ly Fa - ther, thou didst love us, E'en while wand'ring far from thee,
 3. Ho - ly Fa - ther, send thy Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry waiting heart,

For the blessings, without num - ber, Free - ly grant-ed while we live.
 And didst send the bles - sed Sav - iour, For a sac - ri - fice to be.
 And let all re - ceive with fa - vor What will prove the bet - ter part.

In our youth - ful days thy mer - cy Like a riv - er calm - ly flows,
 In a man - ger low they laid him, 'Mid the beasts with - in the stall;
 While to thee, with tuneful voic - es, Sweetest prais - es we will sing,

And in rip - er years ne'er fail-ing As the so-lace of our woes.
 An-gels guarding the Redeem - er, Who sal - vation brought to all.
 Heav'n and earth, in one grand cho - rus, Loudest hal - le - lu - jahs ring.

46 **My Saviour dwells in Heaven.**

ADAM GEIBEL.

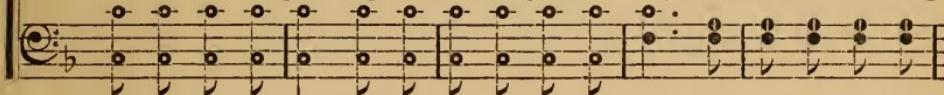
PEMBERTON PIERCE.



1. My Saviour dwells in heav - en, And I shall go there too, This
 2. I want to see my Je - sus, And meet him face to face, I'll
 3. I want to see the glo - ry The an-gels have a - bove, And
 4. So, when my days are clos - ing, And twi-light shadows fall, I



promise he has giv - en, And well I know 'tis true; It was for me he
 go with love and meekness, He'll save me by his grace; I know that he is
 sing with them the sto - ry Of Jesus' wondrous love; I want to praise my
 want to be re - pos - ing On Christ my all in all; And when the morning



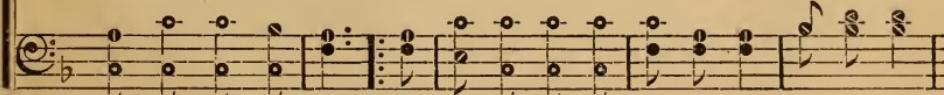
suf - fered, It was for me he died, It was for me he rose a - gain And
 wait - ing Up - on the oth - er shore, For in his ho - ly book he says He'll
 Mak - er For - ev - er, ev - er - more, With-in my hand a harp of gold, Like
 wak - ens In that ce - les - tial home, I'll live thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. And



CHORUS.



open'd heav-en wide. Then, brother, will you go with me, Go with me,
 bear us safe - ly o'er.
 those who've gone before.
 nev - er more will roam.



go with me? Oh, sis - ter, will you go with me, The Lord invites you, too?



The Master is Watching.

MARY A. MCKEE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

The Master is Watching.—CONCLUDED.

wait-ing that they could not see ; They were not darker in their lonely

lot, They were not blind - er than at times are we.

2 Oh ! blessed feet that pressed the sandy beach,
 Oh ! blessed hands, so willing still to save,
 No toiling one can drift beyond thy reach,
 No trusting one will sink beneath the wave.

For Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

2 Oh ! blessed feet that pressed the beach, the sandy beach,
 Oh ! blessed, blessed hands, so willing still to save,
 No toiling one can drift, can drift beyond thy reach,
 No trusting one will sink, will sink beneath the wave.

3 The angry billows knew their Master first,
 And bore his weight upon their foamy crest ;
 Is Nature keener, or is man the worst,
 That they were slow to greet the Heavenly Guest ?

For Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

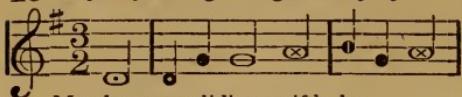
3 The angry billows knew him first, their Master first,
 And bore his weight upon their crest, their foamy crest ;
 Is Nature keener, or is man, is man the worst,
 That they were slow, were slow to greet the Heavenly Guest.

4 No ship can sink when he is at the helm,
 No craft can founder on life's stormy tide,
 No sea engulf or angry wave o'erwhelm,
 When he who forms the waves is at our side.

For Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

4 No ship, no ship can sink while he is at the helm,
 No craft, no craft can founder on life's stormy tide,
 No sea, no sea engulf or angry wave o'erwhelm,
 When he, when he who forms the waves is at our side.

48 My days are gliding swiftly by.



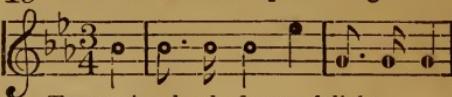
MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,—
Those hours of toil and danger.

Cho.—For O we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there's our
Forever! O forever! [home,

49 There is a land of pure delight.



THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between,

4 Could we but stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

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